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# Daily Mirror

THE  
BIGGEST  
BARGAIN.

See Page 2.

No. 210.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## ON TO LHASA.

War Against Tibet Begins  
in Earnest.

## BOMBARDMENT BEGUN.

Enemy Stubborn—Severe Fighting  
Is Expected.

## HOW THE TROUBLE BEGAN.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GYANGTSE, Tuesday.

The Tibetan delegates have refused to come to the Mission headquarters to resume the durbar and decline to evacuate the jong, as called upon by Colonel Younghusband.

A bombardment was therefore commenced. A force of infantry has moved out north.

The attitude of the enemy is truculent, and severe fighting is expected.

### LHASA OUR OBJECTIVE.

This message from our correspondent yesterday shows that war with Tibet has begun in earnest.

"The expedition must go to Lhasa," said Colonel Younghusband to the Tibetan envoys on Saturday—and to Lhasa it will doubtless go. But before that mysterious city can be reached it will have severe fighting, and still more severe climbing to do.

Never before has an invading force marched through such a savage, inaccessible country. Never before has nature so combined with the defenders to fight against invaders.

The whole of the fighting will be done 12,000ft. above the sea, and even from that elevation gigantic snow and ice-covered peaks spring up on every side of the track, giving splendid cover to the mountain fighters. At every turn there will be stone forts thousands of feet above the invaders to be stormed. The ground over which the expedition has already passed presented stupendous difficulties, but the remaining 100 miles between Gyantse and Lhasa is even more difficult.

### OUR BRAVE ENEMY.

And though the Tibetans are ill-armed, they have a number of rifles, probably obtained from Russian sources, and have shown themselves capable of desperate valour. Colonel Younghusband has a stupendous task before him.

Gyantse is 12,000 feet above the sea-level. Lhasa, built in a small plain surrounded by great mountains, is a little lower. But the expedition will have to cross two great rivers, and the passes entering the plain in which the sacred city of Tibet lies are strongly guarded by forts.

Not since 1846, when two French missionaries visited it, has a European entered the city of the Dalai Lama. No Englishman has been there since 1811. But Indians, Japanese, and two Asiatic Russians have entered, and several photographs of the town have been taken. It is well laid out, with broad streets and many fine houses. In the centre is the great, nine-storied temple-palace of the Dalai Lama, wherein is the famous statue, sacred in all Buddhists' eyes, of Buddha.

### MARCHING ABOVE CLOUDS.

Marching above the clouds, on "the roof of the world," to its most mysterious city, the expedition will have an experience that is beyond the dreams of the most gifted of imaginative writers.

Its purpose is well known. In November last came news of a reported secret Treaty between Russia and the rulers of Tibet. The Muscovite was plainly told that if any European State was to hold sway in Tibet it must be England. Then a peaceful expedition was sent in December last to remind Tibet of its obligations to England.

Negotiations delayed, and the expedition was treated with contempt by the authorities at Lhasa, and later it was opposed. Now the Tibetans have apparently decided that they will listen to no talk of peace, and the course is left to the representative of the expedition.

## WILL THE GUNS ESCAPE CAPTURE?



Russian Battery in a Tight Corner in the Mountain Passes, with Japanese in Full Pursuit.







## LONG BATTLE FOR MRS. MAYBRICK.

Dr. Forbes Winslow Joins  
the Agitation for a  
"Free Pardon."

FIFTEEN YEARS OF HOPE  
DEFERRED.

Talk with the Famous Physician  
Who Presented the Reprieve  
Petition.

There are unmistakable signs of a rapidly reviving interest in the Anglo-American agitation to obtain a free pardon for Mrs. Maybrick, whose fifteen years' penal servitude has now reached the final month.

She goes free on the 31st instant, the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of her trial in 1889, at Liverpool, on a charge of poisoning her husband, James Maybrick, by systematically mixing arsenic with his medicines and food.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the famous physician, who has always been a firm believer in the innocence of Mrs. Maybrick, writes to the *Mirror* expressing his gratification at the prospect of such a petition being laid before the King on behalf of the "victim of an unrighteous and unjust verdict."

It was Dr. Winslow who took charge of the general petition in 1889, and personally presented it at the Home Office, where other Maybrick petitions had been arriving from all parts of the

one wood-turner, one provision dealer, a glazier, a grocer, ironmonger, painter, milliner, baker, and two farmers. A Southport paper published a statement that one of the jurymen could not read his own name."

Dr. Winslow recalled the scene in London and the country when the verdict became known. It staggered the people, who, with one accord, in cities, towns, and villages over the length and breadth of the land, raised such an indignant protest as never clamoured at the doors of the Home Office before or since on behalf of the victim of a miscarriage of justice.

He rejoiced—and tens of thousands would rejoice with him—that this outcry, which had never quite died down throughout these fifteen years, was again to swell in volume, craving for the last possible consolation, in the form of a free pardon from the King, on behalf of a woman who was convicted and incarcerated "without one tittle of evidence."

### DEAD MAN'S DRUG HABIT.

For the enlightenment of the younger generation, Dr. Winslow rehearsed what took place at the Great Cannon-street meeting in London, which was attended by 5,000 influential citizens, all of one mind in regard to the injustice of the verdict.

"I told the vast audience," said Dr. Winslow, "that shortly before Mr. James Maybrick died he had administered to himself a number of poisonous drugs, with a view of dosing, as was his custom. Each of these drugs was in itself, if taken to excess, sufficient to produce an inflammatory condition of the internal organs, irrespective of arsenic."

"I also drew special attention to the apathy of the jury in not asking one single question during the whole six days of the trial. Besides, I read a letter from a chemist, which appeared in the 'Times,' stating that it was his custom to make up prescriptions for the late James Maybrick, all of which contained arsenic."

Asked to give his theory of the cause of James Maybrick's death, Dr. Winslow instanced the fact that twenty-one irritant poisons were administered to the patient within six days previous to his death, actually prescribed by the medical attendants. Among these drugs might be mentioned nuxvomica, henbane, jaborandi, cocaine, morphia, and even arsenic itself in the form of Fowler's solution.

### WAS IT A BLUNDER?

"Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of poisoning her husband because the doctors found a fractional grain of arsenic in the body; whereas the amount of arsenic medicinally prescribed would more than account for the amount found after death."

"With the administration of the drugs I have mentioned it was not surprising that symptoms of gastro-enteritis should have been present before and after death."

"But here we are to-day still hammering at the authorities for a free pardon. Legal blunders, when officially made, are not easily rectified. It is always difficult for those in high office to admit making a mistake, but if there ever was an egregious blunder committed it was in the refusal to grant Mrs. Maybrick a free pardon after the decision of the Home Office, who, from their own wording in the reprieve proved her innocence."

"That free pardon must yet come. If Mrs. Maybrick was entitled to it in 1889 she is infinitely more entitled to it now, as she steps out across the threshold of her exile, after fifteen bitter years of hope deferred."

## FIGHT FOR MOUNTAIN PASSES

Japanese Repel Three Attacks  
with Great Spirit.

General Kuroki reports a hand-to-hand struggle for the Motienling Pass, but, after the Russians had delivered three assaults, they were driven back, and pursued for four miles.

The following official telegram, dated Tokio, yesterday, has been received at the Japanese Legation in London:—

General Kuroki reports:—At dawn of July 4, under cover of a thick fog, two Russian infantry battalions attacked our outposts at Motienling, trying the assault three times.

After severe hand-to-hand fighting, our outposts repulsed the enemy, and pursued them four miles westward. The casualties on our side were fifteen killed and thirty wounded, including one officer. The enemy left on the field thirty dead and fifty wounded.

ARMIES FACING AT PORT ARTHUR.  
CHIFU, Tuesday.

Chinese who left Port Arthur on Sunday say that on Saturday the armies outside Port Arthur were separated by only a mile. The Japanese were advancing from hill to hill, on all of which they were placing big guns. They are said to have landed 150 of these guns at Dalny.—Reuter's Special Service.

SENSATIONAL ROUMOUR.  
There was a report current yesterday of a battle in which thousands of Russians had been killed, including General Keller.

The "Petit Parisien" says it is probably a canard, while a "Matin" message says the news appears to gain confirmation.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

## GUILLOTINE FALLS.

Mr. Balfour's Motion for Closure  
Carried.

### A LOBBY "CONSPIRACY."

The heated discussion of Mr. Balfour's "guillotine" motion providing for closing the Licensing Bill in compartments ended yesterday at half-past seven.

A series of Opposition amendments had been in turn rejected, and the Premier, amidst cries of "Oh! Oh!" proceeded to move the closure, which was carried by a majority of sixty-four.

The division on the Licensing Bill closure resolution was then about to be taken when Mr. Crooks addressed an original request to the Speaker. As a protest against being closed he asked to be suspended at once from the service of the House.

The Speaker explained that he had no power to do so. It was for the House to do so, but he hoped Mr. Crooks would not show disrespect to the Chair or the rules of the House.

Almost plaintively the member for Poplar asked, "What can one do, then, when closed down?" In reply, the Speaker hoped the hon. member would see that what he was doing was merely acting obstructively to the House. Mr. Crooks then rose from his seat and walked into the Division Lobby.

The figures of the division resulted as follows:—  
For the resolution ..... 262  
Against ..... 207

Government majority ..... 55

During the discussion of the first amendment of the day, an attack was made on Mr. Balfour by Mr. Whitley, who had convinced himself that he had discovered a Government plot. Mr. Lloyd-George had moved the omission of certain words by way of a protest, and Mr. D. McIver had replied.

### SUSPECTING A CONSPIRACY.

After this had been rejected and Mr. Yoxall had brought forward a second amendment, Mr. Whitley charged the Prime Minister with having put up Mr. McIver on the preceding amendment to speak against time.

To this Mr. Balfour gave a decided "No." Mr. Whitley said that at any rate he saw Mr. McIver and Lord Balcarras in the Lobby, and they went up and spoke to the Prime Minister.

Mr. Fitzalan Hope suggested that it was about a private bill. Mr. McIver replied: Yes, the Mersey Dock and Harbour Bill.

Mr. Whitley congratulated the Prime Minister. He said he thought there must be some connection between the Mersey Docks and the celebrated warning-pump.

A request from the Speaker that Mr. Whitley would be relevant and discuss the amendment in a business-like way closed the incident.

### A RELAPSE INTO VERSE.

In course of subsequent discussion Dr. Hutchinson entertained the House with the recital of some lines of verse which he considered appropriate to the occasion. A facetious reference to the closure resolution sent the House into roars of laughter. Dr. Hutchinson said he was surprised at the laughter, for every honourable member when he turned ill would not want Prime Ministers and Colonial Secretaries. No, the one man he would want would be a medical man.

God and the doctor all men adore,  
On when sickness comes, and never more.  
When health returns and things are right,  
God's forgotten and the doctor slighted.

With this quotation, which sent the House into renewed roars of laughter, Dr. Hutchinson sat down, and the remainder of the discussion became serious.

## ENGINE TURNS SOMERSAULT.

North Wales Excursionists' Marvellous  
Escape.

A startling accident occurred shortly before eleven o'clock yesterday morning on the London and North-Western Railway branch line from Llandudno Junction to Blaenau-fystion.

The fast excursion train from Llandudno to Bettws-y-coed, while going at a good speed, suddenly left the rails. The train consisted of seven coaches drawn by a tank engine, which then ran for several yards along the sleepers at a curve, and then went down a low bank to the right into a wide dry ditch, where it turned completely round and dived head foremost into the boggy soil.

One of the carriages, consisting of two passenger compartments and a brake compartment, jumped the rails and turned over just beyond the end of the approach to an accommodating crossing between two fields.

All the coaches fell over to the left, the ends of them mounting up almost upon the coach adjoining. The ends of the two coaches were crushed in, but the first of them was the most damaged.

It was found that the driver had sustained a broken thigh and various other injuries.

The train is a very popular one during the Llandudno season, and is generally well filled, but the morning being wet there were only six passengers in the train, all of whom were unhurt. The guard in the rear of the train also was unhurt.

## SEVENTEEN MORE SAVED.

Norge Survivors Picked Up  
Off St. Kilda

WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER.

Five Sailors and Twelve Passengers Rescued at the Last  
Moment.

The Press Association's Aberdeen correspondent, telegraphing this morning, says:—

"The steamship *Largo* Bay arrived at Aberdeen last night having on board seventeen persons who were picked up off St. Kilda on Monday morning and who are survivors of the wrecked emigrant ship *Norge*."

"The survivors include Ankersen, third mate, Olsen, lamp trimmer, Hannibal Christensen, Matvos Morgensen, quartermaster, and steward's assistant Nor and twelve passengers."

In an interview with a Central News representative one of the survivors said that six boats with about 150 persons got away before the steamer *Largo* Bay first.

His party left the ship along with two other boats, in one of which was the first mate, who gave them two buckets of fresh water and two biscuits per man.

On this they subsisted for six days. They parted company with one of the boats on Wednesday night, and with the other on Sunday evening, at which time their supply of water was exhausted.

The boat had no sail and had to be navigated with oars in a gale and heavy sea. They bore away towards St. Kilda, and hoped that some passing steamer might observe them.

A sail was formed out of lifebelts, but progress was very slow and very dangerous. Ankersen, the third mate, says that along with his boat were other boats, one with thirty-two people, including several women and children, another with fifteen men in charge of the second mate, and there was also a craft with ten men on board.

They parted company with the other boats, and were about thirty miles west of St. Kilda when the *Largo* Bay picked them up.

They were suffering terribly from hunger and thirst, but every care and attention was paid to them on board the liner.

### THREE CHILDREN DEAD.

A Stormy correspondent telegraphs that three of the children rescued from the boats of the *Norge* died in the workhouse infirmary on Monday, and three others are in a dangerous condition. The bodies of the little victims were buried yesterday amidst general manifestations of sympathy.

The gunboat *Leda*, now doing fishery protection duty in the Shetlands, and the Scottish Fisheries Board steamer *Jackal* have been ordered to search between the Outer Hebrides and the scene of the disaster for the missing boats of the *Norge*.

### SPLENDID BOY HEROISM.

Magnificent was the heroism of one Norwegian boy, a lad of seventeen, who seeing as the *Norge* was about to founder that there was room for only one in the boat, dropped his little sister into it.

"There is only room for one," he said, "and you must live, my sister." The girl was among the survivors who reached Grimsby on Sunday.

The boy was left to drown, but fate intervened. Someone pulled him into another boat, and he reached Stormy safely. A message was sent to Liverpool, which his sister had reached on her way to America. The loving pair will soon meet again.

The Grimsby Danish Consul is sending a steamer from Stormy to Rockall, St. Kilda, and Flannan Islands, to search for the missing boats.

Twenty-seven survivors of the disaster proceeded to Liverpool from Grimsby yesterday, and in the afternoon sailed in the *Saxonia* for Boston.

They had lost all their possessions, but had been provided with refits. The party included twenty men, six women, and a girl. They embarked with a very saddened look, and evoked much sympathy. Among them is Johansen, the Swede, who lost his wife and five children.

### DOWIE'S "GOSPEL FLEET."

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

Dr. Dowie announces he will take the "restoration host" to London, in a fleet of gospel ships. Six thousand Zionites have signified their intention to go.

Dr. Dowie says: "We will knock at the door of every house in London, including the palace of the King, and give them the message of Elijah the Restorer."—Laffan.



Dr. Forbes Winslow, who presented the great national petition which secured Mrs. Maybrick's reprieve in 1889. He thinks the Anglo-American agitation for a free pardon will succeed.—(Photograph by Bassano.)

country daily, including one got up by the "Lancet" and a special memorial from members of the House of Commons.

### WHAT MEDICAL MEN THINK.

Dr. Winslow had not been an hour gone from the Home Secretary's presence, when the terms of the reprieve were published, in which occurred the unexampled phrase:—

The evidence tends to show that the death was by poisoning, and does not conclusively show that the death was caused by arsenic.

When acting as chairman of the Psychological Branch of the International Medico-Legal Congress in America, Dr. Winslow was publicly thanked by the Judges in the law courts of New York for what he had done on Mrs. Maybrick's behalf.

Interviewed yesterday, Dr. Winslow said he had canvassed 600 medical men on the Maybrick verdict, and exactly 599 of them held that it was unjust. They mostly believed that the free pardon now asked for ought to have been substituted for the reprieve fifteen years ago.

"I absolutely affirm my belief in Mrs. Maybrick's innocence," said Dr. Winslow, "and so did the late Lord Russell of Killowen."

"One of the last acts of Lord Russell was to send the Baroness de Roques, Mrs. Maybrick's mother, to my house to ask me to co-operate with him in trying to get Mrs. Maybrick released."

### CRITICISING THE JURY.

Touching upon the Brierley incident, which Judge Stephen cited as supplying a motive, Dr. Winslow said the jury posed as moralists, and ignored the vital issue of the poisoning by arsenic. They failed to discriminate between the moral and the criminal law.—Sir Francis Jeune's Court and the Liverpool Assizes Court, so to speak.

"The jury could by no means be considered a scientific one. It was composed of two plumbers,



## DEATH AND THE CAR.

### Automobiles Claim a Long List of Victims.

### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE?

The sad death of Sir William Rattigan, M.P. for North-East Lanark, who was killed in a motor-car accident at Langford, on Monday night, is the latest of a long roll of fatalities and casualties connected with the advent and growing popularity of the motor-car.

Lady Rattigan was yesterday reported somewhat better. Medical examination showed that Sir William Rattigan's neck was broken.

#### Lady Injured in Sussex.

At Rotherfield, Sussex, the car of Mr. J. W. Taylor, of Carlsholm, was being backed at the top of a steep hill when it got beyond the control of the driver, and ran down the hill backwards at a high speed, ultimately striking on a bank and overturning. Mr. Taylor and the driver escaped unhurt, but Mrs. Taylor, who fell under the car, sustained a fracture of the jaw and internal injuries.

She was carried to Holme Park, the seat of Mr. T. R. Elliott, where she now lies. She has been visited by Sir Victor Horsley and her father, Sir James Crichton-Browne, who are hopeful of her recovery.

Appended is a list of accidents, fatal and otherwise, dating from the beginning of 1903 and covering a period of eighteen months, culled from the columns of the daily press.

It need hardly be pointed out that the list is far from being complete, for the reason that a very large number of motor accidents, more or less serious, do not get into the papers at all.

There is obviously great need for improvement, one way or another, in the driving of motor-cars. Whether these sad happenings be due to excessive speed, flaws of construction, careless or incompetent driving, need not here be discussed.

It is, however, obvious that if the industry is to flourish and automobilism to extend among us, something must be done to make the pastime compatible with greater safety to the general public and motorists themselves.

Appended is the black list:—

#### KILLED, UP TO JULY, 1904.

Mrs. Rathbone, at Cannes, Jan. 20.  
Child named Newman, at Eastbourne, April 1.  
Emily Richards kills cyclist, April 12.  
Shirley Price, April 21.  
Sunderland boy, April 25.  
Orreia, at Marcellus in race, May 17.  
Miss Barrett, near Hendon, May 20.  
Three deaths, June 14.  
Herr von Specht, at Nassau, June 15.  
Sir W. Rattigan, at Langford, July 5.  
  
KILLED IN 1903.  
George Colchuck, at Hendon, Feb. 9.  
Dr. Robinson, at Bath, Feb. 24.  
T. Sylvestre, near Canterbury, March 24.  
Count Zborowski, at La Turbie, April 2.  
J. Anderson, at Leeds, April 15.  
Elizabeth Magee, killed by Marquis Downshire, April 16.  
C. Wroughton, April 20.  
Sam Toole, in Marylebone-road, April 21.  
Henry Eikes, at Bodley, April 21.  
J. Inkeeper, at Vaux, July 8.  
Boy killed at Norwich by G. Hambrook, July 21.  
Alger, Cleer, and Charles, on Sandringham Hill, July 28.  
Child, at Gloucester, Aug. 1.  
Woman killed by R. C. Knights, Aug. 17.  
Amesbury man, Aug. 18.  
S. Hammond, near Chelmsford, Aug. 20.  
Two ladies, near Fontainebleau, Sept. 5.  
Henry Hedy, near Biarritz, Sept. 10.  
Signor Frederici, on eve of wedding, Sept. 26.  
Two people, near Forest of Villiers, Oct. 13.  
Loewe, died from injuries at Hounslow, Nov. 26.  
A. Goodrich, Dec. 15.  
Man dies from injuries near Lambeth, Dec. 15.

#### ACCIDENTS.

W. Smith, injured in Hyde Park, March 19.  
Lord Downshire knocked woman down, March 30.  
Wallace party injured, April 1.  
Mrs. F. Worthington, Monte Carlo, April 4.  
Von Villier and Marquis Delmonte, injured, April 6.  
M. Ernest, run down, April 20.  
Lord Alan Percy, killed, on Sandringham, and Major Cleary, May 20.  
Russell, smash, May 21.  
Clayson, Vindex, May 28.  
Sir F. Bertie, May 30.  
Heuri de Rothschild, June 1.  
Leoni Foley and Jessie Adams, injured in Paris, June 15.  
Larriaga runs over ragpicker, July 4.  
James Wickham, July 20.  
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Roberts, July 1.  
Groom and polo ponies run down near Wimbledon, July 3.  
Remirew, motor rushes into Clyde, July 2.  
W. K. Vanderbilt, July 8.  
Major, injured, July 10.  
Brixton car overturns, July 11.  
Miss Robinson, Chesham, July 14.  
G. E. Hillyard, injured in motor-cycle during trial, July 18.  
Miss Robinson, thrown from horse at Sutton, July 22.  
Hulton and Smith drive into canal, July 24.  
W. Canavan, driver injured, Aug. 6.  
Reginald, injured in cycle contest, Aug. 5.  
Mr. Macdonichie, Aug. 17.  
Napoleon Haynes, Aug. 31.  
Knocked down in Hyde Park, Sept. 5.  
Chivick motor and tramcar, Sept. 17.  
Lord Monkswell, Sept. 21.  
McKenzie party, Oct. 3.  
Lady Oramore, pinned under car, Oct. 3.  
Professor Souders, runs over little girl, Oct. 13.  
Car runs into tree, Oct. 16.  
Sir F. Winstington, motor in mill race, Oct. 21.  
Scout Kermadec, at Maidenhead, Nov. 2.  
Capus's car upset, Nov. 2.  
Newcastle, Dec. 3.

Captain W. Adams, serious accident, Dec. 15.  
Owen Tudor and Shernburg, leap for life, Dec. 31.

1904.  
Greenwood and Hancock, Jan. 2.  
Sultan's uncle injured, Feb. 24.  
Looping the loop, at Lausanne, March 21.  
Boys run over at Surlingham, April 4.  
Harrow, car upset on hill, April 4.  
Car crashes into wagonette, April 5.  
Hampton Court, three injured, April 9.  
Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, April 9.  
Hawley, April 15.  
Maidstone, collision, April 17.  
Woman hurt in Chelsea, April 19.  
Cohen family, near Bristol, April 23.  
Wedding breakdown, April 23.  
Croydon, street collision, May 2.  
Boosey, train runs into motor, May 3.  
Harold Greator, run down, May 7.  
Eray Brothers, Max trials, May 14.  
Maydon and run injured, May 24.  
Eva Willis, run down near Edinburgh, May 24.  
Major-General Colville, collides with pony, May 28.  
Mrs. White, car upset, June 15.  
Viscount Hampden, car wrecked, June 20.  
Car overturned at Caeleon, June 22.  
Mrs. Colville, Dorling, June 22.  
Mr. Beddington, near Chelmsford, June 24.  
A mark 'bus, June 25.  
Public car breaks down, June 30.  
Car between two tramcars, June 30.

### RELICS RECOVERED.

#### Clever Discovery of Nelson's Watch and Sword Hilt.

Two of the Nelson relics stolen from Greenwich Hospital in 1900 have at last been recovered.

Nelson's gold watch and seal, and gold sword-hilt, were found by Chief-Inspector Arrow in a concertina belonging to William Alfred Carter, the sailor lad who is in custody.

Till last week the circumstances that shrouded the crime were unknown, and the police had given up all hopes of tracing the relics.

The collection, a national one, consisted of a gold watch, seal, gold box, enamelled portrait, a number of sword-hilts, and seven medals, of the value of £5,000, and were owned by the Admiralty.

It now transpires that on June 27 two packages were left by a man in the cloakroom of Customs House Railway Station and had not since been called for. Suspicion was aroused, and on Tuesday the luggage was handed over to Detective-Inspector Arrow, who, on examining one of the packages, a portmanteau, found among its contents a concertina.

A mark at the side of a screw in the instrument, as if a screwdriver had slipped, decided the inspector to take the concertina to pieces, with the result that inside he found carefully packed the missing gold watch and gold sword-hilt.

### FOR JERUSALEM'S BLIND.

#### King and Queen Witness Tableaux at His Majesty's.

His Majesty's Theatre presented a wonderful appearance last night, when the entertainment organised by the Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in aid of the British Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem was witnessed by the King and Queen.

A bevy of beautiful women exquisitely posed took part in a series of tableaux representing the installation and prowess of the Order.

Among their number were Lady Annesley, Lady Tweeddale, Lady Sybil Grey, and Lady Maitland. The most striking pictures were the Birth of the Order, A.D. 1000, representing the merchants of Amalfi ministering to the Pilgrims at Jerusalem, and the final scene of the Restoration of the Order in 1557, where Queen Mary, surrounded by her Court, is regaining the charter to Sir Thomas Ivesham, Lord Prior Designate.

Between the pictures, selection of music contributed by Calve, Suzanne Adams, Albani, Ada Crossley, and Kubelik made the intervals seem all too short, and an act from the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was a great attraction in a programme crammed with good things.

In addition to the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, Princesses Elizabeth and her daughters, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Ena of Battenberg were present.

### WEST END PALMISTRY FRAUDS.

Fortune-tellers in the West End are being watched by the police, under instructions from the Home Secretary.

This information was given by Mr. Cochrane yesterday in the House of Commons in reply to a question by Mr. J. Campbell. He had called attention to the frauds perpetrated in connection with the practice of palmistry, crystal-gazing, and clairvoyance.

### EXCURSION TRAIN LEAVES THE RAILS.

A Llandudno express excursion train to Bettys-coed left the rails near Llanrwst yesterday afternoon and was partially wrecked. The driver and stoker were injured, but no lives were lost.

Dr. Barton, of airship fame, who was injured by an explosion at the Alexandra Palace on Monday, is making excellent progress towards recovery.

### "MESSIAH'S" FLIGHT.

#### Leaves His Country Retreat on a Mysterious Mission.

Our special correspondent at Spaxton telegraphs: The Clapton "Messiah" has fled from the "Abode of Love," but his present whereabouts are a mystery. Whether he is in London at the Cedars, Clapton, hiding somewhere in the west country, or gone under an assumed name on to the Continent is at present unknown.

At the Spaxton retreat the faithful are rejoicing that the "Lamb" is delivered from the clutches of those who wished to interview him and argue out questions of doctrine.

The known facts are these. Yesterday morning, in the early hours before even the Spaxton rustics had risen, Pigott and his wife, assisted by the disciples, were busy making preparations for a long journey, and their destination was kept a secret even from those nearest and dearest.

It was in vain that the devoted inmates asked to what address their future prayers should be directed, for the "Messiah," mysterious as ever, was dumb. At 6.30 a closed carriage arrived at the gates of the "Abode of Love," and into this too the "Lamb" and his wife crept.

After the outposts and scouts had passed the word along that no prying eye observed the retreat twenty young ladies, early aroused from their couches, came to the gates to bid farewell to their departing leader, and the coachman, one of the Abode servants, a member of the Agapemone, whipped up his horses.

The carriage took a circuitous route over the hills in the direction of Taunton, from which station it is believed he took train. There was an impression that he was bound for London, but nothing is certain. "Our master has left this place to do his work," was the only reply vouchsafed to my inquiries.

### ALAKE'S "AT HOME."

#### Dusky Monarch Holds a Farewell Reception.

The Alake of Abeokuta, who leaves England this week, was "at home" yesterday afternoon at the Westminster Palace Hotel.

He smiled in the most affable way at the distinguished company which had accepted invitations, and watched with pleased interest the rapid disappearance of the sandwiches and strawberries and cream which he had provided for his guests.

Among those who exchanged compliments with the Alake were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Miss Randal Davidson, the Dean of Westminster, Colonel Stopford, the Bishop of London, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Bishop of Ely, Viscount Knutsford, and Sir William and Lady Cranston.

The majority of the visitors were ladies; some of them coloured. Some of the English ladies clung to the royal black hand, and, in the hope that they could converse with him without the aid of an interpreter, addressed the Alake in very loud tones, laying strong emphasis on every syllable.

But in every case the Prince, in thunderous gutturals, called his interpreter to his aid. The Alake was arrayed in a gorgeous gold-embroidered robe, of which the ground was purple velvet, and on his head wore a turban.

He followed the conventionalities in providing the usual "At Home" refreshment, but it was remarked that he partook of none himself, and because none of his favourite dishes were represented.

### KILLED AN INSULTING PRISONER.

When Francis Loveridge, a former private in the 4th Gloucester Regiment, was charged at Cirencester with threatening a present member of that corps, the magistrates heard a tale of the Boer war.

This regiment guarded the Boer prisoners at St. Helena, and Loveridge shot at and killed a prisoner who attempted to escape. He was exonerated, and afterwards discharged as a harmless lunatic, with a pension of 2s. a day.

He now stated, in allusion to this circumstance, that the Boer had called him "a mad militiaman." He was bound over to keep the peace.

### LOST EIGHTEEN SITUATIONS.

When a boy of seventeen was charged at Brentford with sleeping out it was alleged that:—

He had not been seen by his parents since Whit-suntide; he had eighteen situations, and lost them all in five months; he had been charged at Marlborough-street with begging; he ran away from home when very young and went to Manchester; he told a foreman at Carter Paterson's, in order to get work, that his mother was just dead and buried, and that he was alone in the world; and that he always spent his wages before reaching home.

### PECULIARITY OF TRUNCHEONS.

"It is a curious thing," said Mr. Fordham, the North London magistrate yesterday, "that constables never mean the truncheon to hit the head, though it generally does."

## CHERTSEY FIGHT.

### Polling To-day in the Chinese Election.

### MR. BALFOUR'S MESSAGE.

Chertsey wore an air of calm yesterday, reserving itself for the delirium of to-day's polling.

It was suffering from a sort of political reptelion and indigestion. The election was a subject of which most ordinary people were utterly tired.

There was no escaping the colours of the candidates. Do what you would you saw either the purple and yellow of the gallant Lord Bingham, who not only served his country in South Africa, but has local claims, or the Liberal blue of Mr. Sadler.

#### All for Bingham.

In the town ladies, motor-cars, dogs, babies, and horses seem to support Lord Bingham in a whole-hearted way, while Mr. Sadler's colours carried principally by bicycles and men with argumentative chins.

The last evening of the active campaign saw something which nearly resulted in a free fight. In Chertsey two opposition open-air meetings were proceeding side by side. Almost before anyone knew what had happened, one prominent politician had handsomely offered to pull the nose of another.

Instantly blows were exchanged, and the audiences willingly ceased to take an interest in the fiscal question of Chinese labour.

#### Mr. Balfour's Message.

Mr. Balfour, in a telegram yesterday afternoon to Lord Bingham, wishing him success, referred to the deliberate fiction spread by the Radicals.

"I learn with great regret," he said, "that no efforts have been spared in the campaign against you, and I am sorry to hear of the large sections of the electorate on the subject of Chinese labour by recourse to most unworthy methods."

"Grave, indeed, is the responsibility of those who seek to override the wishes of our fellow-countrymen in the Transvaal, and bitter will be the resentment they will excite against his country on the part of the white inhabitants of that colony."

"Your opponents are the very persons who, by their tactics, throw every possible obstacle in the way of passing a measure this Session which will exclude undesirable aliens from the shores of this country."

### SECRET CLUE.

#### Development in the Search for a Lost Husband.

After a week's weary trudging about in a fruitless search for her missing husband, Mrs. White, who is in a delicate state of health, has completely broken down. Her plight is a pitiable one, for her purse is empty, and her widowed mother, who is in straitened circumstances, cannot provide her with adequate support.

One of the last things Mrs. White did before he went away was to buy his wife a complete outfit of baby clothes—everything except the christening-robe. Nothing will convince her that his disappearance, with £3,700 in his possession, is a voluntary one.

Mrs. White has had two visits and one letter from a strange man, who declares that he has an important clue towards finding the missing husband. The man hails from Tottenham, and claims to have recognised Mr. White in Hampstead on the day he went to look at some vacant houses there.

In his letter he requested the grief-stricken wife to keep everything secret.

### M.P.'S MOTORING PRIVILEGE.

While admitting at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday that he had driven his motor-car on the wrong side of a refuge in Regent-street during the early hours of the morning, Mr. Louis Sinclair, M.P., explained that he did so because the other side of the road was occupied by a large horse with which the street was being cleaned. Moreover, he contended, as a Member of Parliament, he was privileged to go on the wrong side of the refuge.

Constables in the vicinity of the House of Commons, he said, made Members of Parliament go on the "off" side of the refuges in order to facilitate their ingress and egress to and from the House.

Mr. Denman said with regard to this that no doubt it was a very useful police regulation made in the interest of M.P.s, but it did not apply in this case because Mr. Sinclair, after leaving the House, went and had supper at his club, where he remained for some time. There would be a fine of 20s. and 2s. costs.

The father of a young man named Charles Parr, who was remanded at Clerkenwell yesterday on the charge of stealing a bicycle from outside a public-house, told the magistrate yesterday that his son had been left a large sum of money by his grandfather, and that he had been the ruin of him, and he had not done a stroke of work since.



**"MERRY WIVES" TO DATE.**

Steeplejack De Wet Disguised in Woman's Clothes.

**A SPLENDID FARCE.**

The latest story of James Gill, the Newry police-defying steeplejack, reads like a scene from the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

The chimney-stack was deserted on Sunday; he was spending the day of rest in the bosom of his family. The adventures he met on the way have just come to the *Mirror* representative's knowledge.

It appears Jamie determined to visit his home again, and before doing so, put scouts out both front and rear. He did not go far, however, when the scouts in front signalled danger. Jamie had scarcely got the warning when he saw two of his natural enemies, the police, coming along. Down the street was impossible, for the scout there was giving the "caution" signal, and in any case Jamie could not run with his injured leg.

**Ruse Worthy of De Wet.**

An inspiration struck him just as all appeared lost, and he darted into a house, the door of which was standing open, and got behind the door. The police came on down the street, and spoke to two girls at the door behind which Jamie stood concealed.

Jamie listened quietly to the talk until at length the constables moved away and the girls entered the house.

Jamie they knew and liked, and, seeing him in distress, they took pity and solved the problem of his escape. A black skirt and a shawl were soon produced by them, into the mysteries of which they insisted Jamie should be dressed.

At last, huddled up like Falstaff in the witch's clothes, the steeplejack shuffled out of the house and pursued his way.

**Jamie Courtied by Soldiers.**

But a more ridiculous experience yet was in store for him. Two soldiers saw Jamie, and, probably imagining they had met him (or her, rather) before, one of them saluted him with, "Hallo, Molly."

Jamie did not reply, shrewdly guessing his voice would hardly pass muster. He therefore assumed an air of insulted virtue, and tried to pass on with an indignant shake of his bejewelled head.

But the second soldier, who had not spoken, was not to be outdone, and pft his arm caressingly round Jamie's neck. The disguised steeplejack was in a fix, for the soldier began pulling at the shawl to draw it away from his face, but, rising to the occasion, he gave his admirer a mighty and most unfeminine push with his shoulder, which sent him sprawling, leaving him the most surprised man of the three.

This adventure over, the steeplejack made his way home, where he spent a happy evening, returning to the citadel the following morning.

**NO PROOF OF DEATH.**

Singular Reason for Withdrawing a Murder Charge.

A murder charge at Winchester Assizes yesterday collapsed in a remarkable manner, owing to the inability of the prosecution to adduce legal proof that the victim of the crime was actually dead.

During the voyage of the steamship Arabistan from Brooklyn to Monte Video an Italian named Girolamo Callenducci, employed as a trimmer, shot dead Frank Roselich, a donkeyman, with a revolver, and also wounded four others of the crew. When the ship reached Bahia a naval court found Callenducci guilty of wilful murder, and sent him to England for trial.

But the Treasury have been compelled to withdraw the murder charge since the only persons who saw Roselich die were the doctor and a nurse, and neither of these witnesses can be brought to England. This has made it impossible for death to be proved legally, as no one else had even seen the murdered man's dead body.

When the case came before him yesterday, Mr. Justice Ridley agreed that counsel had no option but to withdraw the charge. A charge of shooting with intent to murder was then proceeded with, and Callenducci, who pleaded guilty, was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

**KING'S HAMBURG HOST DEAD.**

HAMBURG, Tuesday.

Dr. Hachmann, the Chief Burgomaster of Hamburg, died last night. Dr. Hachmann took a prominent part in the reception of King Edward on his Majesty's visit to this city last week, and during the procession through the streets had the honour of driving in the first carriage with the King.—Reuter.

**SLUR ON THE ARMY.**

Seventy-two members of the London County Council decided yesterday that no space could be allotted in London for two guns taken from the Boers and the Chinese.

Captain Swinton moved an amendment that the decision cast a slur on the British Army, but only secured thirty-two followers.

**SORROWS OF THREE WIVES.**

Their Unhappy Experiences Told in the Divorce Court.

Three ladies who had been unfortunate in their matrimonial experiences obtained the decrees that they asked for from Sir Francis Jeune yesterday. Two of them were granted divorces, and the other a decree of restitution of conjugal rights.

Mrs. Margaret Eliza Lowe Wright, a pretty, young woman, who, one could hardly believe from her youthful appearance, was married as far back as the year 1889, was the petitioner for what the Law calls "W.R.C.R." or an order that her husband should return to her.

Her husband, Dr. H. E. Wright, formerly practising at Birkenhead, deserted her in 1902, and then she wrote the following letter to him:—

"I have been thinking how stupid we have been with our lives, and for the sake of all of us I will overlook the past. I am now prepared and desire to live with you as your wife. Let us try and row together in the same boat again. —You would be loving wife, Margaret."

But the doctor did not respond to this appeal, and Mrs. Wright was obliged to have recourse to the Divorce Court, which granted an order yesterday that her husband should make a home for her.

**"W.R.C.R." Did Not Suffice.**

Mrs. Mary Le Bois Holden has already been a petitioner before Sir Francis Jeune. Some time ago she sought and obtained a decree of restitution of conjugal rights.

Her husband, however, has not complied with that decree, so yesterday she asked for a dissolution of her marriage.

Mr. Holden, after his desertion of her, had been found living with another woman in Bloomsbury.

Accordingly a decree was pronounced on the grounds of desertion and misconduct.

**Riverside Incident.**

Cruelty and misconduct were the grounds on which Mrs. Mary Hamilton Roland Gordon, the third fair petitioner, obtained her decree. Married in 1903, she found that her husband almost immediately treated her badly, and on one occasion, when she was baling out a boat at a riverside house where she was staying, he abused her and pulled her away, bruising her arm.

Afterwards he was discovered going to a Covent Garden ball with another lady.

In her case, too, a decree nisi was granted.

**ICED HOLIDAY TRIPS.**

Tourists Start on a Tour in the Arctic Circle.

A few years ago the idea of a pleasure trip within the Arctic Circle would have been laughed to scorn. In a few days, however, it will be an accomplished fact.

The new departure has been brought about by the enterprise of the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company.

To-day at two p.m. this company's steamer Vectis will leave Tilbury on a pleasure cruise, and, proceeding via Norway, will eventually penetrate within the Arctic Circle.

The Vectis, the old Rome, has been specially fitted up for this service, and has, in fact, been practically rebuilt. Her accommodation is for one hundred and fifty passengers. For this, her maiden trip in her new capacity, she has had that number have booked.

The cruise will last just on a month, London being reached again on August 3. Various places of interest will be visited en route. Trondheim, with its wonderful cathedral, where the Kings of Norway are crowned and buried; the Lofoten Isles, north of which is situated the most northerly town in the world; and Spitzbergen, the great Polar ice pack, will be visited.

**SAT ON A LADY.**

At Leeds yesterday a labouring man, Tom Lister, was summoned for having interfered with the comfort of a lady tram passenger. Lister boarded the car, and sat on the lady's knee, and, when she protested, he coolly laughed at her. Defendant, who pleaded that he could not help it, was bound over.

**RAILWAY MAGNATE'S FORTUNE.**

The estate of the late Mr. James Staats Forbes, for many years chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, has been proved at £135,000. Among the bequests the Railway Servants' Orphanage benefits to the extent of several thousand pounds.

**TORPEDO-BOAT FOR £26.**

Warships were cheap at Portsmouth yesterday.

A third-class cruiser, the Cordelia, realised £6,700, and the Scout £4,000. The torpedo-hulk Diligence went for £420, and three Coastguard cutters fetched £155, £200, and £240 each.

Six torpedo-boats went for from £26 to £87 each.

**WIDOW'S LOST WEALTH.**

Her Story of Heartless Deception by a Bigamist.

Before meeting George Stanley Crawley, alias Stanley Curtis, a widow, Mrs. Johanna Grieg Shapley, stated at Greenwich Police Court yesterday she was perfectly independent, but had since been so reduced in circumstances that she had to obtain a situation as housemaid and lady's help. Crawley, who is alleged to have bigamously married Mrs. Shapley, and also to have obtained £500 from her by false pretences, was committed for trial.

An actor named Francis Binstead stated that in 1898 Crawley, who at that time passed under the name of George Hastings, married his sister, who is still alive. According to Mrs. Shapley's story she made Crawley's acquaintance at Torquay in 1902. He said he was an actor, a single man, and that he was going to form a theatrical company. She became engaged to him, and advanced him about £30 prior to their marriage at the registry office at Bath. Altogether he obtained £700 from her.

The prisoner, in answer to the charge, said that if his theatrical speculation had been successful Mrs. Shapley would have had her money back.

**FAT BOY'S RACE.**

Johnny Trundle Wins After a Spirited Contest.

Long will the story be told in variety-stage athletic circles how Johnny Trundle, aged five years seven months, the mighty fat boy of Peckham, won the fifty yards race at the Music Hall Benevolent Fund Sports.

For many weeks past it has been a question eagerly and even heatedly discussed in variety-stage wings whether Little Dando or Johnny Trundle is the better man—or should it rather be said phenomenon?—at fifty yards. In order to settle this question for ever it was arranged that the two champions should race one another at this distance—walking.

Walking, in contradistinction to running, was decided on in deference to Johnny's weight.

The Peckham fat boy stripped—yet it is hardly right to say that he stripped, for he wore during the race a large man's-sized suit of tweed duds—at 11st. 7lb.

Little Dando stood on a mark ten yards behind Johnny—the handicap had been carefully calculated—when the pistol went off.

After thundering along for twenty-five yards, Johnny during a brief moment faltered. It seemed as if he was about to fall, and the ground man shouted, "Catch him! He'll make a hole in the track!" But Johnny only hesitated while he got his second wind. He came again and won a marvellous race by inches.

"Dando was a good second, Johnny a fat first," was the judges' verdict. The latter looked every ounce a champion as he returned to his chair.

**MAY YOHE'S HUSBAND.**

Committed for Fourteen Days on a County Court Summons.

Yesterday, in the Westminster County Court, an application was made to Judge Woodfall for the commitment of Colonel Strong for non-payment of a judgment debt for flowers supplied.

Plaintiff said defendant was the husband of Miss May Yohe, and was quite in a position to pay at once.

In the absence of the debtor his Honour made an order of commitment to prison for fourteen days in default.

Colonel P. Bradlee Strong, son of the late Mayor of New York, achieved notoriety in this country a couple of years ago by running off with Lady Francis Hope, better known as Miss May Yohe. Lord Francis afterwards obtained a divorce from Miss Yohe.

**CURED AFTER TWENTY YEARS.**

More Marvels of the Scotch Miracle Worker.

The tale of William Rae's successes at Bolton continues with each day's list of patients. Sufferers wait upon him from all parts, as far south as Surrey, oblivious of the ballot that has taken place. They arrive without tickets, and on being told they cannot see Mr. Rae before September, in Scotland, their disappointment is keen.

Among yesterday's cures was a little girl from Manchester, who had suffered for some years from dislocated hip, and had had to wear a high-heeled boot. After the girl had seen Mr. Rae the father joyfully remarked that he was going out to get her a pair of ordinary boots.

A notable case was that of Mrs. Sedden, of Bolton. She had, it was said, been lame for twenty years from an affection of the hip. She wore a special boot and walked with a stick. After her visit to Mr. Rae her husband carried her discarded stick and clubbed boot.

**DULL DAY AT HENLEY.**

Poor Attendance and Very Little Enthusiasm.

**RIVERSIDE CHARACTERS.**

It was dull at Henley yesterday.

On Paddington Station business for the special trains was bad. A sad-faced ticket inspector said he "didn't want to see another opening day like this." The newspaper boys shouted "Official programme. Programme!" sedulously, but without the real ring in their voices, which brisk sales alone bring. Similar pessimism was noticeable at Henley itself.

One aborigine of the Thames Valley said, "Yes, it is bad; I never see it so quiet."

A picturesque tramp, in a frockcoat that hung upon by the mantle, leaving no doubt as to the colour of his shirt, and trousers ragged enough to have been a go-send to a music-hall artist, pulled his large khaki sharpshooter hat over his eyes and squatted with a grunt on the grass at the water's edge. "What's the use or shoutin' land 'ere, when there ain't no one to land."

**Eton's Win.**

A few minutes of enthusiasm came when the Eton boys eight walked away from New College. Their schoolfellows, who were in force from end to end of the course, cheered them to the echo. Indeed, stroke and No. 7 in the college boat would give a good account of themselves in any company.

Later in the day, when the Brummagem four made simple stuff of Magdalen (Cambridge) in the Wyfold Challenge Cup, there was some excitement in a small area. A Jack tar in a Canadian canoe nearly fell out, his joy was so excessive. He waved his paddle at a merry-looking, spectacled, legal gentleman in the next boat. "Called 'em Brummagem, didn't you?" he grinned. "I didn't come all the way from Birmingham to see 'em lose. Hoary!"

One man alone failed to solve the correct costume question. He kept his immaculate top hat concealed between his knees.

The prettiest sight was two old parsons, in canonicals, but with their coats off, who rowed a lady up and down in a skiff. Unadulterated joy lit up their faces. They were back again to the "Varsity days of their youths. They would have liked to spring a rattle and shout.

**BLUSHING CROWN PRINCE.**

Kaiser's Son and the Beautiful Opera Singer He Adores.

"Do you like your milk warmed, little one?" was a gibe from the singers at the Berlin Opera against Miss Geraldine Farrar. It arose because her mother accompanied her behind the scenes, and as the other ladies all asked that their relations might come too, the director prohibited Miss Farrar's mother from entering the theatre.

Out of this petty squabble arose the world-wide reputation of Miss Farrar as the lady who has captivated the Crown Prince of Germany.

Miss Farrar appealed to the Emperor, who took her part and chivalrously invited her to the Palace. Here she met the Crown Prince, "a great, big, blushing, stammering boy," who had eyes for no one else.

The infatuated youth applauded her extravagantly at the Opera, and sent his card behind the scenes, with fulsome congratulation.

The wild stories that were circulated about the Crown Prince and his vows to marry her, his quarrels with the Emperor, and the threats of organised opposition to her performances caused her to leave Berlin, as she said, for ever.

The Emperor gave her a diamond brooch, and with this mark of the Imperial favour it was thought she had passed from Berlin life.

She has, however, signed a new contract for three years, and will appear at the forthcoming opera season in Berlin, and it remains to be seen whether the memory of her beauty still remains in the susceptible heart of the German Crown Prince.

Miss Geraldine Farrar is now stopping in Paris and being feted by the Anglo-American Society there.

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## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1904.

## BRITAIN AGAIN AT WAR.

The last hope of settling the Tibetan question peacefully has died away. The Lamas have refused to treat with us on the terms proposed by Colonel Younghusband. Fighting began again yesterday. We must now see the thing through.

Henceforward we shall say no more about the policy which has led us into this position. So long as negotiations were going on, it was open to any Briton to say that he thought British interests were being badly handled. Now that war has begun in earnest, it is the part of the patriot to hold his tongue about what has gone before.

What we must all wish for now is that our troops in Tibet will do what they have to do with as little loss and as much speed as possible. We have disliked the idea of marching our expedition to Lhasa. We have said so plainly enough.

But we hold with Shakespeare's Polonius that the wise plan is to "beware of entrance to a quarrel, BUT, being in, bear it that the *opposer may beware of thee*." Now we have unsheathed the sword, let us strike hard. Peace is the time for talking. War is the time for blows.

It is not an easy task that we have undertaken. It will cost a great deal of money. Little chance of any remissions of taxes so long as this job is on hand! But our rulers—the men we have chosen to conduct the nation's business—they have decided to go ahead, so for goodness' sake, let us show the world a united front. That is the only attitude to suit patriotic men.

## A LINGERING PREJUDICE.

The present moment, when motor accidents are so appallingly frequent, scarcely seems a suitable one for protesting against restrictions on speed.

But we certainly think most people will agree with Mr. John Scott-Montagu, M.P., that if ten miles an hour is to be the limit of speed for motors in the Royal Parks, it ought to be the limit for horses also.

The Office of Works does not take this view. Their reason is that they want to make the parks accessible to all, a very laudable desire, but one which has nothing to do with the case.

To put all vehicles on the same footing would keep no one out, and would have the merit of being sensible and up-to-date.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The Russian peasant never wishes for anything nor frets for what might have been. He has no ambitions beyond his daily needs. If he has enough, he has it; if not, it doesn't matter. He is perfectly satisfied with himself, and riches for him are a sufficiency of black bread and salted herrings and a little vodka. If he can get it he will soak himself in vodka; but he is quite content with his stakan of tea if he cannot. He will steal when there is no chance of detection, and lie as a matter of course. And he has a simple faith in the icon for the remission of sins, and in the "God on Earth," (the Tsar) for a speedy—*Mr. Carl Joubert*, in "Russia As It Really Is." (Nash, 7s. 6d.)

## CHERTSEY POLLS TO-DAY.



MR. SADLER (Liberal candidate): Yah! 'Go' yer *Chin-Chin-Chinaman!* Garn!

LORD BINGHAM (Conservative candidate): Anyway, I'm not ashamed of him. You *ought* to be anxious to keep your foreign acquaintance in the background.

[While the Liberals have made Chinese labour their trump card, they have themselves been attacked for advocating the admission into this country of any alien, however undesirable. But on this point Mr. Sadler has said as little as he could.]

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

Jules Massenet, the famous French composer of "Salomé," which is to be given at the Opera to-night, was once a boy prodigy. Yes, there were boy prodigies even so far back as the forties. But just when he had begun to make a name for himself at the age of seven, his father decided that he must go into a convent school to be trained for the Roman priesthood. The boy was very unhappy, and soon ran away, which had the effect he desired, for, although he was recaptured, his mother saw that he had no vocation for anything but music, and let him go to Paris again.

Here he had a hard struggle for several years. His parents were poor, and he had to earn his living by giving piano-lessons at a shilling an hour, and his drum and cymbals in restaurant orchestras. But he worked hard at composition, too, and his talent was at last recognised. Now he is the foremost of French composers, and a familiar figure in the best Paris society. He does all his work between dawn and ten o'clock in the morning. Then he stops work for the day.

Of Madame Calvé, his principal interpreter at Covent Garden this evening, M. Massenet has the highest opinion. When she appeared in his opera "Sapho" he said: "In the first act she is splendid, in the second adorable, in the third incredible, in the fourth radiant, and in the fifth sublime! Oddly enough, the famous singer, like the great composer, was educated for the Church. It was intended that she should be a nun."

However, the Church could not keep her any more than it could keep Massenet. Her voice was discovered and trained, and she began to make headway as a singer. It was not, however, until she was recovering from an illness that it suddenly came to her that she could act as well as sing. Since then she has been one of the world's great actresses. She would still be famous if she had no singing voice at all. She admires fine acting even more than fine singing. One of her most treasured possessions is a signed photograph of Ellen Terry with these words on it, "One lesson in English I give you. I love you."

Now that G. F. Watts has gone, George Meredith is the grandest of the "grand old men" who are left. Here are some of his observations upon his countrymen, confided to Mr. Nevenson, of the "Daily Chronicle":—

The English people know nothing about me. There has always been something antipathetic between them and me.

The English people have a natural love for nature.

The fear of the English people is the English people.

"Men come to me," the novelist continued, "and say their trade would suffer, or they could not spare two years. Their real meaning is they are afraid of being called out and shot at." As far as our regular army, it will never, he declared, be anything but a chaos so long as it is controlled by such "singularly unintelligent, ill-educated, and unbusinesslike" officers. That is pretty strong, but when he came to discuss parsons, Mr. Meredith declared they were "worse than uneducated." He gave up going to church forty years ago, because "he could not listen any longer to the nonsense he heard talked there." Women, he thinks, "would make excellent parsons—they ought to be parsons."

Lord Kilmorey was quite in his element on the stage of His Majesty's Theatre last night. He has been much mixed up with theatrical affairs. In fact, he has built a playhouse (the Globe, which no longer exists), written plays (for the Kendals long ago), and been a theatrical lessee himself (he once tried to run the St. James's for a little while). He has numbers of friends in "the profession," and his photograph decorates the mantelpieces of most of our popular players.

How many people who were at the Musical Copyright meeting knew that "Stephen Adams," who made such a capital little speech in defence of composers, is Mrs. Maybrick's brother-in-law? His real name is Michael Maybrick. He took the other when he went on the concert platform as a baritone, and he has composed under it ever since. He lives in the Isle of Wight and is a very popular there, for he is a cheerful soul, much given to out-door sports, and always ready to do anyone a good turn.

That was why they made him two years running Mayor of Ryde—that and his fame as the composer of "Nancy Lee," which every organ used to play, every street-boy to whistle, and every drawing-room amateur to sing twenty years ago. "The Midshipmite" was his, too, and the "Blue Alsatian Mountains," which one associates with Du Maurier's drawings and the æsthetic craze, and all the dear dead doings of the early eighties. Later on he won equal popularity with "The Holy City."

It sounds irreverent, the instruction left by a Scottish sheriff, that should be buried in a coffin, "so as to be handy for the scramble at the Resurrection." But, if he really believed what he wrote in his will, it was not irreverent at all. Rather the contrary. Probably the same idea is behind the American habit of burying men in evening dress—stiff shirt, white tie, silk socks, patent-leather shoes, and all—the idea that they shall go before their Creator in their best, as they would into the presence of an earthly potentate.

## TWO MEN OF THE MOMENT.

## The Chertsey Candidates.

They are neither of them ever likely to set the Thames on fire. The principal figures in the election contest have been neither Lord Bingham nor Mr. Thomas Sadler, but the Rand Chinaman and the East End alien.

Neither can speak well. Mr. Sadler has had more practice, for he has been a politician twenty years; but he arouses no enthusiasm. Lord Bingham has difficulty even in stringing together a few intelligible sentences.

As the son of an earl—the Earl of Lucan—he is sure of the villa vote, but the snobs are the only voters of whom he can be sure. He was at Harrow, and has been in the Army—a highly respectable record, but scarcely one to recommend him to the working-man.

Mr. Sadler's chief qualification is also—respectability! He is a barrister, but has practised very little, kind Fortune having sent him private means. For a long time he was a pillar of that temple of mild-mannered Radicalism, the Eighty Club; but no one ever said of him: "There goes a future Prime Minister."

Still, it is only fair to admit that he is a popular man among all who know him, just as we must credit Lord Bingham with having married a very pretty, as well as a rich, wife.

As candidates there is very little to choose between them, but before eight o'clock to-night Chertsey must decide which it prefers.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Is the Strength of the Force Which Is To Drive Back the Tibetans and Capture Lhasa?

At Gyantse there are at present 1,500 men, all Indian troops, with the exception of four companies (400 men) of the Royal Fusiliers and a small detachment of the Norfolk Regiment.

They have with them one machine-gun, six ten-pounders, and four seven-pounders.

Between Gyantse and Chumbi are some eight hundred men more, and additional troops are constantly arriving at the latter place.

Two regiments with more guns are waiting ready in India. These and many more are certain to be required.

## ACCORDING TO THE "PINK UN."

The late Mr. Spurgeon was once asked whether a member of a brass band could possibly be a Christian? The great divine pondered, and then said:—

"Yes, I think so, but the man who lives next door to him certainly not."—*Sporting Times* (London).

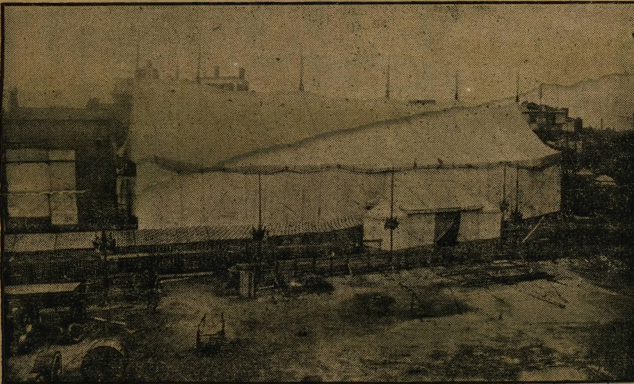


SPORT AND GAIETY AT HENLEY.



A charming photograph from Henley, showing the course over which the various contests are held during the famous regatta. The regatta opened yesterday, and will last three days.

KING AND BART'S.



His Majesty lays the foundation stone of a new wing at St. Bartholomew's Hospital to-day. Our photograph shows the huge marquee which will be used for to-day's ceremony. The stone will be laid by the King in the marquee. The royal private entrance is through the little tent shown in front of the marquee.

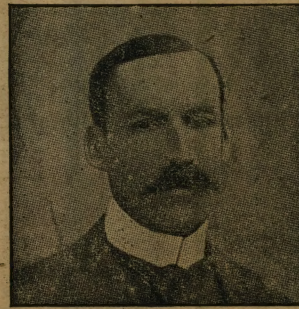
BARGAINS  
SALES  
NOW ON.  
THE  
GREATEST  
BARGAIN  
IS TO  
BE FOUND  
ON  
PAGE 2.

WHERE THE ASHES OF A GREAT PAINTER WILL REST.



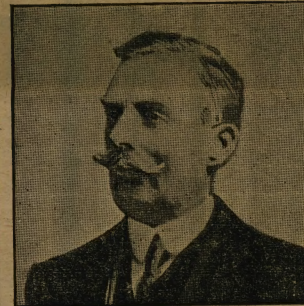
The ashes of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., the famous artist, were placed, after the cremation of his body at Brookwood on Monday, on the altar steps of this beautiful mausoleum, and immediately under the lovely altar-piece designed by himself. The mausoleum chapel at Limnerslease, his Surrey home, was designed by Mr. Watts. The door is the work of the village blacksmith. The casket containing the ashes will take place probably on Friday.-(Photograph by T. Balland.)

A CHERTSEY CANDIDATE.



Lord Bingham, the Unionist candidate for Chertsey. He is contesting the seat with Mr. Sadler, whose portrait is shown below.

TO-DAY'S ELECTION.



Mr. Sadler, the Liberal candidate, contesting the Chertsey division. The election takes place to-day.

A STAGE FAVOURITE.



Miss Kitty Gordon, now playing in "Veronique" at the Apollo Theatre.-(Photograph by Ellis and Watery.)

A HENLEY CHAMPION.



Mr. F. S. Kelly, the winner of the Diamond Challenge Sculls in the Henley Regatta of 1903, and also in 1902. His contest is one of the most important during the famous regatta.-(Photograph by T. Balland.)

CHERTSEY



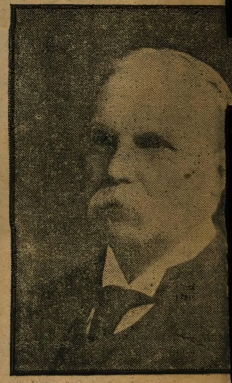
The Parliamentary election at Chertsey included a number of cyclists' dress introduction.

PECKHAM'S FAT BOY



The famous Fat Boy of Peckham, companion, Little Dando Strall, in the Music-hall Sports at yesterday.

M.P. KILLED.



Sir William H. Rattigan, who was killed in a motor-car accident at Peckham.-(Photograph by Mauld.)



DEMONSTRATION AGAINST "CHINESE SLAVERY."



they, which takes place to-day, has resulted in some curious demonstrations, one of which is to represent Chinese. In front of their handlebars they carried placards denouncing the traffic of Chinamen as miners into South Africa.—(Drawn from a photograph.)

AGAIN.

OUR JOLLY JACK AT PLAY.



When at play Jack knows how to amuse himself. Our photograph depicts a scene at the Naval Depot Sports at Portsmouth. Jack is seen as the charger, Tommy Atkins, and the rider all in one.—(Photograph by Cribb.)



Jack Tare in the obstacle race at the Naval Depot Sports, Portsmouth, getting through real naval obstacles—lifebuoys belonging to 'mien-o'-war'.—(Photo, Cribb.)

RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE EXPLODES IN PARIS.



The engine after the explosion at the St. Lazare terminus of the Western Railway in Paris. The locomotive suddenly exploded, injuring seventeen people and destroying much property. The huge machine was literally blown to pieces.



Gathering up the fragments. The remains of the engine as they appeared in the yard after the men had collected all the pieces together.



Hole, twelve feet in diameter, made by two pieces of the smashed machine, on the fourth floor of a house 100 yards away from the scene of the explosion.



Some windows which were broken by the flying fragments hundreds of yards away.



# LAST NIGHT'S HISTORIC TABLEUX AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

## OLD STONES IN NEW SETTINGS.

### THE MODERN JEWELLER AS A TRANSFORMER OF UGLY GEMS.

The huge boss brooches of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, at which their descendants have doubtless looked with shuddering awe, can be transformed with very little expense and a moderate amount of ingenuity into excellent heads

lets beloved of our predecessors the bits of carnelion, moss agate, or onyx brought to him by wanderers on the seashore. The lapidary, with his up-to-date appliances, has replaced the humble handy craftsman, and to-day he is resetting many of these quaint gems.

Numerous are the superstitions and legends attached to some of the minor gems. Amber, according to the well-known story, was formed from the tears shed by Phaeton's sisters when that presumptuous youth met his doom, driving the chariot of the sun-god. What more natural, then, than that it should be regarded as a specific against the vain and fantastical illusions common to all ages? Like several other so-called stones, it becomes charged, when rubbed, with the electricity which borrows its name from the old Greek word for amber, "elektron, the shining thing"; and so the necklaces of amber formerly worn to ward off rheumatism were probably as efficacious as, and infinitely prettier than, the electric specifics

in still earlier days to exhibit, if dipped in water, the blood-red image of the sun.

The beryl, which is found in Cornwall as well as in Ireland and Scotland, was once held in great repute as a diviner's stone, in the depths of which, as in the crystal, the seer traced the shadows of future events. It possesses one little-known peculiarity that if known in past ages would have sufficed to give rise to a whole family of legends. In the middle of the eighteenth century Darnelle, a famous French chemist, discovered that the usually yellow colour of the beryl could be changed by the application of heat, the stone afterwards retaining its new colour. It is to be feared that some so-called balas rubies are neither more nor less than transmuted beryls; in which case can it be held that they possess the true ruby's virtue of preserving their wearer from poison?

The beautiful moonstone of Ceylon is held to be lucky, as its still fairer sister, the opal, is considered to be unlucky; yet the miners of Northern Queensland, who have recently proved the existence of specimens of opal in the new world as fine as any that Asia holds, have not yet been heard to grumble at their ill-luck, save in the matter of the price obtained; for it is notorious that opals are now down in the market.

The amethyst can scarcely be classed among the minor gems at present, for it is enjoying a well-deserved return of popularity as the stone the Queen applauds. It should be specially prized by zealous temperance workers, for it is said to ensure its wearer against the temptations of alcohol.

More potent for good than any of the stones mentioned is the pale pink or rose-red coral of the Mediterranean, which is cut into charms to be worn round the neck of every Italian girl, rich or poor, who has a wholesome dread of the Evil Eye. The most effectual charm is formed of a feminine hand of coral, with the two middle fingers folded within the palm, the first and fourth fingers thus making the sign of the "horn," from which his Satanic Majesty has never failed to flee! Add a tiny

## BENEFICIAL YAWNS.

### IMPOLITE BUT HEALTHY EXERCISE.

A good, wide, open-mouthed yawn, says a medical journal, is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is Nature's demand for rest; some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy, but this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of the yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and yawn because you are so.

Whenever you feel like yawning you ought to yawn, and not try to suppress it. If in a place alone where a stretch can be indulged in at the same time as the yawn, it is excellent, for this is Nature's way of relaxing the muscles. Don't be afraid to open the mouth wide, and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it.

Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight-backed chair, and, lifting the feet from the floor, to push them out in front as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide, and make yourself yawn. The tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch, and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired, and the result will be wonderful.

## WRINKLED FACES.

### WHAT BRAIN FAG REALLY IS.

If you glance through the biographies of any twenty-five great literary workers you will find a strange and striking difference between the personal lives of perhaps half of the number and of the others. Twelve or fifteen will be found to be comparatively healthy, while the others are constantly afflicted and endure lives of intense suffering. Of this latter class are George Eliot, Huxley, De Quincey, the Carlyles, Browning, Wagner, and Darwin.

If we examine carefully the biographies and letters of the geniuses just mentioned, it will be found that they all suffered in much the same way. They were troubled with headache, dyspepsia, nervousness, indescribable misery, irritability, insomnia, and dejection. Moreover all learned that the use of their eyes in their occupations caused these symptoms, and that the only cure was not to use their eyes in such work.

This seems to prove that so-called brain-fag is a myth. The brain does not tire. Intellectual work does not hurt a man or woman under normal conditions. It is eye strain that causes the "brain fag." It also causes wrinkles about the eyes and furrows across the brow, and happy is the woman whose symptoms are these, for if anything will drive her to seek medical aid it is a crop of crow's feet, and in banishing them she discovers the true source of her trouble.

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The Marchioness of  
Tweeddale's dress,  
as Queen Mary  
in the Final Tableau  
at His Majesty's  
Theatre,  
was a black velvet  
one, trimmed  
with ermine and  
magnificent jewels.



The Countess of Rothes wore a very handsome yellow velvet toilette, over a white satin petticoat trimmed with silver passementerie. Her arms were encased in light silver sleeves, over which hung long ones of satin. On her head was a black and yellow cap.

nowadays purchased. The fashion of using amber mouthpieces for pipes we owe to Turkey, where the beautiful gum was believed to be incapable of transmitting infection.

Chiefly obtained as amber is from the shores of the Baltic, it is not uncommon for the visitor to our east coast watering-places to light on a piece that has been washed up by the tide, and which will well repay cutting and polishing. More common, and no less beautiful is the carnelion, in every shade from deep red through gradations of brown to palest primrose, and unlucky indeed is the searcher who cannot find a few fine specimens as mementoes of long, delicious days spent on the coast of Norfolk in Poppy-land.

The carnelion was greatly prized by the ancients for its fine, hard surface, which made it especially suitable for engraving for seals, and for this reason it ranked, in their estimation, even above gems to which we now attach a far higher value. In the Middle Ages it was customary to dedicate precious stones to various saints, and the carnelion was assigned to the special care of St. Bartholomew, whose feast day on August 24 became one of the great events of the year in rural England. The bloodstone, in which medieval piety saw the drops of blood shed by Christ on the Cross, was supposed



A beautiful white silk brocade toilette was worn by Lady Milbanko, ablaze with gold and silver, and exquisitely softened by pearl embroidery. Her hair was elaborately dressed beneath a quaint muslin cap, and was bunched at the sides under restraining ropes of pearls.

band of the celestial-hued turquoise on the third finger, and you have a talisman warranted to bring happiness and worldly prosperity to its lucky possessor.

## BEAD CHAINS,

The bead craze is by no means at an end. Beads of a more elaborate design are worn and there is a return to the gold beads that were so fashionable a few seasons ago. But in the revival of the bead craze there is this difference; where beads were once cheap and easily put together they are now both expensive and elaborate. Gold strings of beads range in price up to £10, and one can easily pay £5 for a string of coloured beads, for many of them are made of coral carved by hand.

for the long hatpins now imperatively required, or into charming waist-belt clasps. Or, should our ancestress's shawl fastener be of an oval form, what better foundation could there be for the body of a many-hued beetle, where art simulates nature with nature? Of delicately-twisted gold or silver wire, the same to be worn as an ornament for the hair? Endless, indeed, are the uses to which the piously treasured relics of the past may be turned in days when bizarre or beautiful effects are set above the mere market value of the stones employed.

Time was when every seaside town in Scotland, England, and Wales owned a pebble polisher, who spent hours of loving thought and care in shaping into the fearful and wonderful brooches and brace-

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## PEERS GUESTS OF GENERAL BOOTH.

### Society "Four o'Clock" Is One of the Remarkable Features of the Great Salvation Festival.

Yesterday the Salvation Army Congress culminated in a demonstration at the Crystal Palace that was infinitely the most impressive of the whole series.

By sheer force of numbers the chief of this remarkable organisation succeeded in emphasising its unimagined strength and the immense influence it must exert in all directions.

During the past week London has become accustomed to regarding the "Army" as a far-reaching institution, with branches in every corner of the earth. The foreign delegates have effected that.

But yesterday the rank and file of the "Army" numbered their tens of thousands. They poured into London from the provinces, and from every part of the United Kingdom.

They filled the Crystal Palace and its grounds as only a Bank Holiday or a Cup-tie crowd has ever before succeeded in filling it. When they formed into line, eight abreast, for the review and march past, a moderate computation placed their numbers

at 50,000. And this great army marched through a cheering crowd of fellow soldiers as great as itself.

Brigade after brigade filed before the Chief, gave the military salute, and a salute of cheers for their beloved general, and passed on. General Booth himself must have been astounded as well as proud at this overpowering demonstration of the success of his life work.

It was a hard day's work for this old man of seventy-five. Early in the morning he was speaking in the morning in a motor-car, and it is probable that as a result of this ride the General will shortly take steps to utilise the possibilities he at once recognised in the horseless car.

#### CLIMAX IN ENTHUSIASM.

At eleven o'clock he was holding a triumphant reception in the crowded transept. All the familiar army effects produced by the clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs in unison were enhanced by the vastness of his audience. It was a climax in enthusiasm.

At one o'clock he was preaching in the thronged theatre. His voice shows the effect of the work of the past ten days, and his first few sentences could hardly be heard. But he gathered force and intensity as he went on, and was soon in the middle of a fervent exhortation to backsliders that reached every one of his hearers.

At four o'clock he entertained at tea a party of influential ladies and gentlemen. Among his

guests were Viscount Peel, Lord Glenesk, Earl Grey, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Weymouth, Viscountess Frankfort, Lady Violet Greville, Lady Frances Balfour, and Lady Battersea.

The great review at five o'clock by no means ended his day's labours, and when one learns that arrangements are now being made to repeat the congress in Paris, it is impossible not to agree with the General in his favourite jest, "My employers are very heavy on me."

The day's programme contained numerous items illustrative both of the army's strength and of the variety and value of the social work it undertakes.

#### CHORUS OF 4,000 VOICES.

The visitor had his choice between a programme of music rendered by a brass band, 3,000 strong, and overpowering in its energy—and representations of the army's work in different foreign countries and in the slums.

In one corner of the Palace grounds thousands of brightly-clad boys and girls showed what work is entrusted to the young people of the Army. Later on many of them took part in a musical entertainment, in which a choir of 4,000 voices played a leading part.

But the most interesting show of the day was the crowd itself. There never was seen a better-tempered crowd. Men extricated themselves from a ten minutes' struggle for a cup of tea or a bun with a blessing, and scrambled for seats in the transept with shouts of laughter.

That it was a sober crowd goes without saying. The position of the few policemen present was not entirely a sinecure, for all that. They all wore worried looks, consequent upon their attempts to

answer inquiries couched in thirty different tongues.

The day ended as it began, with glad songs and shouts of thanksgiving. It was a fitting ending for one of the most remarkable religious manifestations of modern times.

## DISGRACE OF THE CLEAN SHAVE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Tuesday.

A few days ago two Mahometans from Salonica were sentenced to four months' imprisonment for fraud at Olmutz, where, according to the local laws, every man who is in prison for more than three months has his mouth shaved off.

When the Turks learnt this, both they and their wives began to wail and lament bitterly, the wives saying it was the greatest possible disgrace that could befall a man, and that their husbands would rather be hanged outright than submit.

The Turkish wives were also at liberty to quit her husband directly he appears without a moustache. Moved by this urgent plea, the Olmutz authorities made an exception in favour of the two prisoners, who were permitted to retain their moustaches.

## HOLIDAY AMENITIES.

Herr Budde, Minister of Prussian Railways, has instructed the officials, with reference to the summer holidays, to see that passengers who are late for their fellow-travellers, and that no undue advantage is taken of the weak and helpless.

## The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

### CHAPTER XXX. (continued.)

Margaret Chevenix felt a startled tremor pass through her whole frame, and she grew pitifully conscious of her palpable agitation. She hated Robert Chevenix to notice that she flushed and paled at his approach, yet she could not disguise the emotion she felt. All her old love for the man had returned, and she adored him as passionately now as she had done in the past.

The great man walked slowly forward, thinking what a charming picture Margaret presented as she leant back against the beech tree, her colour coming and going, her eyes shining like the beautiful eyes of some startled bird.

He even liked her dress. She wore a frock made of a delicate grey stuff, for grey was a colour she had now made her own, and the soft hue of this Quakerish garb contrasted charmingly with the rich brown of the beech tree trunk and the soft green of the grass. Her large hat shaded her face becomingly; it was a black hat with a long, drooping feather. Her thin hands folded in her lap and her utter lack of jewellery both helped in the general effect, and no one looking at Margaret could have guessed the rough path she had trodden in the past, or the trying life she had led.

In a curious but quite comprehensible way she had slipped back to the tastes and feelings of her early girlhood; she had recovered her soft and subdued manner, and returned to her old self again.

But the woman was wretched. Robert Chevenix flattered himself that she lived in a happy fairy-land, a calm and sheltered country, and he had no idea what iron restraint Margaret was exerting to avoid a breakdown, or how the mere fact of their divided life was preying upon her soul.

"Can I remember to be so forgetful?" That was the thought which haunted Margaret day and night. She grew wakeful and wistful when she asked herself—Would the love Robert Chevenix had once given her ever revive? Her heart cheated her with dazzling promises, but she still lived in hope. This state of constant agitation was doing her health serious harm, and she was growing weak and thin, and a warning cough was beginning to hint at more serious damage.

"It is pleasant in the wood," began the Premier amiably. He remembered the night in London when Margaret had flown from him, and he rather wondered if she would do the same now.

He looked more kindly and masterful than ever that morning, pleased with himself and with his world. He had imagined that all sorts of social disasters would follow on his marriage, and nothing of the kind had happened; nay, more, his strange choice had actually taken the public fancy and been approved.

A pretty rumour had been started that the Premier and Miss Carew had loved each other for years, but that Robert Chevenix had determined to bring no stepmother home till his daughter married, and this story was readily accepted and believed. It explained so much. The marriage, precluded by no trumpeting of the engagement or salvo of congratulation, because very natural under such circumstances. Why proclaim an engagement which had gone on for years? And to those who saw Margaret it was easy enough to believe that she would shrink from an ostentatious wedding and plead for a very quiet ceremony.

As to his own world—that inner, social world of wealth and fashion—the conduct of his leaders made Robert Chevenix smile drily, for they all took Margaret in the light of a new sensation, and delighted in her accordingly.

Great ladies professed a pretty, sentimental in-

terest in the grey-garbed Puritan so suddenly and dramatically promoted to their circle, and the men talked of her delicate charm and simple wistful shyness. "It makes one think of the Early Victorian woman," they remarked to each other; "Chevenix has done a smart thing in finding such a wife."

Yes, his world approved, and the seal of its approval had set the Premier's mind at rest, and he felt deeply grateful to Margaret for the really superb fashion in which she had played a very difficult part. She might so easily have ruined him socially. A lack of discretion, a shade less tact, and the world might have got suspicious, and the truth once suspected, the worst story would have been told. As it was, Margaret deserved all the consideration he could give her, and all his gratitude.

He felt doubtful as regarding the days ahead. Would he always be able to carry on the part of Robert Chevenix, and to cheat the keen eyes of the woman who had loved the dead man so passionately? The more he was thrown with Margaret, the more he would have to be on his guard. A single word might betray him, an unguarded speech—and then, what might not happen? As yet the Premier felt convinced Margaret had not the least suspicion of the truth; but then, they had been very little together. Still he and the woman could not always be apart; society would wonder and exclaim if they never appeared together. All these thoughts passed through the man's brain as he gazed down on Margaret. Then he shrugged his shoulders lightly and determined to dismiss them.

"They told me—I asked the gardeners," he went on, after a brief pause, "that rather idly they say Margaret did not speak, 'that you had taken your way to the wood; so I came here to find you, Margaret, for I rather wanted to talk to you.' He dangled his thick country walking-stick as he spoke, and slashed the head off a pale, star-like anemone, the delicate bloom falling crushed and battered.

"Don't do that," cried Margaret, pitifully, for she knew the woman who can never bear to witness the ruthless slaughter of flowers, and then she got up from the grass. "I am quite ready to walk back with you to the house," she said, quietly, "I only came out for a little walk." She wondered vaguely what he wanted to see her about. Perhaps the sight of her, and the thought of her, had become an unendurable evil, and he was going to ask her to take up her residence abroad? He might bear with her a little longer, she thought wistfully, conscious of the ever-growing spirit of lassitude and fatigue that had come over her lately, and the lines floated through her mind, the poor tender lines sung by a woman who had loved as fondly as herself:

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And feeds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilty away?  
The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom is—to die.

"I don't want to go back to the house particularly," the Premier's voice broke in on her musings, "why shouldn't we have our talk here, and sit down again, Margaret, for you look tired?" He was suddenly struck by the extreme thinness of her face, and the heavy way in which she lifted her head. She looked to him like a woman drooping with fatigue, a flower slain by the sun.

"Yes, I am tired," Margaret agreed meekly, as she sat down again and half closed her eyes. When she opened them again she found that her husband had flung himself down on the moss by her side, and this near contact made her start, and half unconsciously she edged a little away. He noticed this, and put out his hand, closing it tightly on hers, just as the dead man might have done.

"Margaret," he said softly, something of his ponderous dignity falling from him and a curious, youthful look appearing for a second on his face, "the situation is not so impossible, after all. You must learn to take your proper place in my life."

Just now you seem afraid of meeting me—am I such an ogre?" He smiled pleasantly; yes, he felt quite certain he was playing the scene as Robert Chevenix would have played it.

"Little good can come of our meeting," Margaret said drearily, even though her heart was beating her out if he was utterly indifferent to her; could it be possible that his love was beginning to revive? "You cannot really want to see much of me," she went on slowly, wondering if he would contradict the statement, "and so I try to avoid you as much as possible, for your own sake as well as for my own."

"Don't do so in the future," he replied quickly; "I do not like you to vanish into corners when I approach, or to run down the passages like a scared fawn. Do you hold me in such reproach, Margaret, that it is impossible for us to meet as friends? Can you not forgive the old wrong I did you; forgive it sufficiently for you to take some pleasure in my society—am I utterly hateful to you?" He looked hard at her as he spoke, noticing with keen eyes how her face quivered and her lips trembled. At last she answered him, but very slowly and in great pain: "I cannot say that I have forgiven you; please do not ask me that question again; but I cannot get out of my head that my presence annoys you." She sighed wearily, and glanced up at him, a sad smile playing upon her lips. "You loved me once," she went on in low tones, "and I remember reading a line that rather explains things as I see them. The line was, 'Friendship often ends in love, but love never ends in friendship.'"

"I do not understand," he muttered rather bluntly, feeling that he was treading on delicate ground, and that it behaved him to walk warily. "What do you mean, Margaret?"

"That do you mean, Margaret?" he plucked some long blades of grass and plaited and unplaited them round her finger.

"Can't you feel things as I do?" she asked at last, a wave of warm colour crimsoning her thin, delicate face. "How can we meet daily as mere friends, who loved each other so passionately? Oh, the whole position is cruel and appalling, to me at least, if not to you." She broke off her speech abruptly, fearful of having said too much.

The Premier bit his lip impatiently. The woman loved him; at least loved the man she thought he was, and this meant trouble ahead. He understood enough of women to know that. How was he to take the situation? The man he personated might easily enough have picked up the threads and made Margaret happy with a kiss and a warm caress; indeed, she looked so charming that any other course would have seemed absurd, but the Premier shrank back from such conduct.

He respected Margaret too much to deceive her so cruelly, or to insult her by such a kiss. It would imply a depth of meanness to which he could not descend, a baseness of which he was not capable. He must try to make her think he had not understood her meaning, and must fence as best he could with the situation.

"Why tell me the past, Margaret?" he asked in clear, cold tones; "the past is over and dead. But we have the present before us and the future. There is no reason why there should not be real affection between us; do not imagine that I have ceased to care for you." He was aware, as he spoke, how inadequate his words were; how surprised that they grated harshly on Margaret's ears.

"Oh, you are wrong to say that you care for me," she cried, interrupting him with some passion. "You care for nothing except ambition. You are grateful to me just now because I have not proved an utter millstone round your neck, and I have helped to save your name from disgrace; but you don't really care for me; you never did. I was pretty, years ago, and what small beauty I had attracted you, and so, ruthlessly and cruelly, I was sacrificed to your passion. Don't start and look at me like that, Robert, she went on excitedly; "can you deny the truth of my words?"

The man shook his head; he could say nothing. "And I loved you so," Margaret went on bitterly; "I loved you with all my heart and soul. Oh, Robert, can you not understand what I felt when you had deserted me. Think what it meant to stand by the deathbed of my wounded love and watch her die. You don't know what it means to strew all the trembling fears and fancies of your heart over a dead dream. Yet I sat by love's dead side night after night, weeping my heart out, forgetting everything, except that you had deserted me."

"Hush, hush," muttered the Premier, "what is the good of these morbid recollections; let them be."

"But I cannot," she answered, quickly, "wound to heaven that I could. Don't you understand what has happened? This love of mine that I thought dead and buried, and had gone far to forgetting, is awake now, awake and stirring restlessly. After many years it has turned in its grave, and will sleep no more." Margaret spoke quickly, her cheeks burning with excitement, her eyes flashing and glittering, for she was carried out of herself.

"Do not tremble so," said the man, pitifully, "and do try to forget such a weird fancy."

"How can I?" she replied impatiently, "you do not know of what you speak. No dead dream ever kept you awake at nights, Robert, rising up from its grave and coming in a pale shrouded ghost, waking you with its low sobs and its pitiful fears. This is the dream I have to drive away, night after night; I have to beat it back with my hands; my love for you, my fatal and all-consuming love never dies." She sprang to her feet as she said the burning words, and faced the man, who stepped back, aghast.

"Ah, you shrink from me," she cried passionately; "you recoil, and yet you once swore that you loved me."

"So I did; so I do!" he exclaimed hastily, hardly knowing what he said. "Only, there is a time for everything under the sun, Margaret, and love, the mere love between man and woman, has no place in my life now; I live only for my work and my ambition."

"I see." She fixed her large, melancholy eyes upon him, her breast still heaving with the violence of her emotion. "But you do care for me—in a sort of way?" The question was pathetic; her voice was full of tears.

"Care, of course I care, Margaret." He took her cold, damp hands in his firm grasp. "I should be the veriest cur on earth if I didn't, after all the sacrifices you have made for me. But promise me one thing—try and be happy. We have done with the emotions of youth, the passion of summer; still the autumn remains, the calm, peaceful autumn. Let us be happy in our autumn." He plaited earnestly, almost passionately.

Margaret smiled faintly. She had not expected the Premier to evince so much emotion, and she began to think more hopefully of the days in front, Robert Chevenix had loved her in the past, surely she would be able to revive his love for her again. Her own swelling heart would draw him to her, she could still rely on her desperate devotion.

Their homeward way took the Premier, and the woman who bore his name past a pretty pool of ornamental water, which edged the end of the lawn. Margaret paused here a second, drinking in the scented air, perfumed by lilac and May trees. She gazed at her own reflection in the water, and then she shuddered.

"What is the matter?" asked Robert Chevenix, not unkindly. "Why do you look so grave?"

"If I only had more courage," she replied, with a little broken laugh, "I should throw myself in the water and cry 'finis' to everything."

"Your nerves are out of order," the man answered, drawing her back from the edge of the pool. "I shall send for the doctor, Margaret, for you need a tonic; you are run down and thoroughly upset."

She nodded her head. "Send for the doctor if you like, Robert, but he needs to be a clever doctor to cure a broken heart."

(To be continued to-morrow.)







## "MIRROR'S" NON-STOP MOTOR TRIALS.

Four More Entries Make a Total  
of Eighteen Competitors.

### OFFICIAL SANCTION ESSENTIAL.

Eighteen motor-cars have now been entered for the *Mirror's* non-stop trial.

Mr. George du Cros makes the list even more representative than it was before by provisionally entering a car made by the well-known firm of Panhard et Levasor.

The following is Mr. du Cros's letter:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

With reference to the non-stop trial being organised by your journal, we think the idea an extremely good one. We will enter a car provisionally for this competition, and shall be pleased to receive full particulars as to the conditions and rules under which the competition will be conducted, so that we may definitely decide and make arrangements as soon as possible.

(For GEORGE DU CROS) A. W. C.

Panhard et Levasor, 14, Regent-street, S.W.,  
July 5.

One of the latest to join the competitors is Mr. Ernest Hutton, a well-known racing driver.

Mr. Hutton raced as far back as 1901 in the Nice-Salon-Nice race, in which he was second. Last year he won the 200 guinea cup of the Irish Automobile Club and three cups at the Southport speed meeting. Mr. Hutton writes:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

With reference to your proposed non-stop trial of motor-cars, I shall be glad to enter a car. The car that I should prefer to enter for the Reliability Trial would be the new three-cylinder, 8-h.p. Panhard; but unless the date is fixed some time ahead I fear that owing to the very large number of orders I shall be unable to obtain a Chassis for use in the trial.

With regard to the conditions of the trial, one point occurs to me, that there should be a definite time limit for the duration of the trial, as owing to the great reliability of modern cars it is highly probable that the trials will extend over a very long period, and it would throw a very great burden upon the entrants if the trials were unduly extended for more than, say, a month.

In conclusion, I must certainly say that I consider these reliability trials, such as you are organising, to be of the very greatest value to the automobile industry in this country, more especially if the trial is conducted over a very large area, as I have always found that after race meetings and trials have been held in certain localities the number of purchasers in that district of automobiles has largely increased.

J. ERNEST HUTTON.

Competitor from Lincoln.

The sixteenth entry is by Mr. J. R. Richardson. He writes:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I am in receipt of a copy of your paper containing the reference to proposed non-stop motor trials, and I beg to state that I should be prepared to enter a car for these trials, subject to their being held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, the rules and conditions governing the trials being reasonable, and the date convenient.

J. R. RICHARDSON.

Lincoln, July 2.

The Gordon-Bennett Winner.

Everyone knows that the Gordon-Bennett race at Homburg last month was won by a car made by the Georges-Richard-Bossier firm. The agents of that firm in London are Messrs. Mann and Overton's, and their manager writes as follows:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Confirming the conversation of Mr. Claude Johnson, we have pleasure in provisionally entering a car for your non-stop run, and shall be

happy to take part in it provided the rules are not too arbitrary.

For MANN and OVERTON'S, Ltd.  
JAMES C. WOLFE (Manager).  
7a, Lower Belgrave-street, S.W., July 5.

### Official Recognition Essential.

Motorists are naturally anxious that the *Mirror* should recognise the Automobile Club as the body which has the control of motor competitions. There should be no anxiety on that point, as the *Mirror* has applied to the club to know what conditions it will be necessary to impose in order to obtain its official sanction. Further, only those drivers and cars will be admitted to the competition whose names appear on the Competitions Register of the club.

The *Mirror* has refused to be connected in any way with a Challenge Cup, which it is proposed to establish in connection with non-stop runs, until the donor can assure the *Mirror* that competition for it will be subject to the rules of the Automobile Club.

The necessity for this precaution will be obvious when it is remembered that any motorist taking part in a trial or competition in this kingdom which is not authorised by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, or in which drivers who are suspended from the Competitions Register of the club are taking part, may be suspended from taking part in motor competitions at home and abroad.

### HEROES OF THE NON-STOP.

Mr. Weigel's Prowess in the "*Mirror*"  
Run Handsomely Recognised.

A handsome silver challenge cup, value £210, was presented by Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., yesterday at the Savoy Hotel to Mr. D. M. Weigel of the Talbot Car Company, who drove 2,000 miles on the *Daily Mirror* non-stop run.

The cup can be competed for twice in any year under the conditions that the challenger must pay an entrance fee of £100, carry four persons in his car, have only three changes of drivers, fresh observers every 150 miles, and run 2,000 miles without stop of the engines. A challenge has already been received from M. Fournier, the famous French driver.

Lord Shrewsbury, the chairman of the Talbot Car Company, also presented Mr. Weigel with a solid silver cigar box, and Mr. T. W. Williams, of the *Daily Mirror*, and Mr. Harry Carter, of the North British Rubber Company, with handsome silver boxes suitably inscribed as souvenirs of the 2,000 miles record run.

### SLAVES OF AN ASCOT DRESS.

Girls Overworked Through an Inconsiderate Customer.

The moral which the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton seeks to bring out in "Warp and Woof," at present being played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at the Vaudeville Theatre, was brought into prominence at the Westminster Police Court yesterday, when Mrs. Turner, a Court dressmaker, trading under the title of Madame Nina Clare, at Wilbraham-place, Sloane-street, was summoned for employing workgirls after proper hours.

Miss Mabel Vines, a Government inspector, stated that on June 13—the Monday before Ascot—three bodice hands, a skirt assistant, and three other dressmakers were employed, with intervals for meals, for fifteen consecutive hours on a costume to be worn at the races.

Madame Clare told the inspector that the lady for whom it was being made had insisted upon having the dress to wear on the next day at Ascot, but had deferred having it fitted on until the very last minute. Also she had given orders that if her dress was not finished till midnight it was to be sent home immediately.

It was urged by the prosecution that the gravity of such irregularities could not be over-estimated, as it was dangerous to the health of the workgirls, many of whom had to make their way home alone and unprotected to outlying districts.

In defence it was pleaded that everything was done for the welfare of the hands. The magistrate, Mr. Horace Smith, fined the defendant £3 on each of seven summonses, amounting with costs to £23 2s. in all.



**MISTRESS AND MAID.**  
MISTRESS: Now, where did I put my "Heartsease"? I want to get one of those guinea prizes this week.  
MAID (sotto voce): Hem! So do I!

# HEARTSEASE

**D.D. DIRTY DICK'S D.D.**  
ESTABLISHED 1745.

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OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.  
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Advances made. Stocks and Shares bought and sold.  
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FIGHT FOR  
FREEDOM.**

The most superbly  
illustrated and  
best written

**Story of the War**

# GREAT ROSE SHOW.

Patroness:  
**THE QUEEN.**

TO-DAY the NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY will hold their great Annual Show at the **TEMPLE GARDENS**, Thames Embankment, E.C., (by kind permission of Treasurer and Benchers of the Inner Temple). Three Champion Challenge Trophies will be competed for, also numerous other Prizes. The Band of the 1st Life Guards will be in attendance. Afternoon Tea. 1904 is a record rose year, and the Show will be more than ordinarily worth visiting. Admission: From 12 to 3.30, 5/-; 3.30 to 5.30, 2/6; 5.30 to 7.30, 1/-.

**TO-DAY.**

**TEMPLE GARDENS.**

**TO-DAY.**



## RACING AT NOTTINGHAM AND SALISBURY.

## Watson's Newmarket Stable Takes the Honours in the Midlands—The Warrior Scores at the Bibury Club Meeting.

## "GREY FRIARS'S" NOTES AND SELECTIONS.

In the second stage of Nottingham July Meeting John Watson's (Newmarket) stable carried off the chief honours in winning no fewer than three out of the six races comprising the programme. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Watson's chief patron, won the St. Alban's Handicap with that bonny little filly Catgut and the Rothschild Master of the Horse, as Mr. John Wood is familiarly described, scored in the Newark Handicap with Glendore. The third win for the stable was registered by Fernent, a youngster bred in the United States, and the property of the well-known American sportsman Mr. August Belmont, whose colours are altogether too infrequently seen on this side of the Atlantic.

All the eight runners in the St. Alban's Handicap were backed. The owner of Ravenslight, one of the most remarkable men in his line, known on the turf, felt confident on the strength of the running behind Foundling at Alexandra Park that Ravenslight had a sound winning chance, so Mr. Hannam betted with his usual large-handedness. His example was followed by many of the shrewdest backers, who believe even more in his judgment than in his good fortune. Catgut, Monro's Boycot had won a good gallop when tried, and that candidate was eventually quoted at the same rates as Ravenslight. The Irish horse, President Roosevelt, arrived at Nottingham on Friday last, and was much liked in his work, and 6 to 1 was freely taken about him. Catgut was backed at a price longer odds—on the same mark as Flower Sealer, but by Mark Wood, who "eights" for Noblesse, Morgendale, and Fleurette II.

## Catgut's Victory.

Ravenslight indulged in some antics en route to the post till getting a friendly lead from Boycot. The race then began with her usual speed, and on setting down Catgut from Ravenslight was the order, and thus they raced to the finish, the Rothschild filly ultimately winning by a length from Ravenslight, with Boycot third and Flower Sealer fourth.

The filly by Sempronius out of Queenwood won so easily from the highly-fancied Bombay at Alexandra Park that it was reckoned quite a good thing yesterday for the Cumber Plate, and my impression on seeing the race was that she should have won. Her jockey, the Australian, F. Bullock, took matters altogether too leisurely, looking round instead of riding, albeit he was not at the time in front. So Queenwood filly got beaten not only by Fernent, but by Mark Wood's money places. The first-mentioned had apparently few friends in the market. The filly was among "the others" in the betting. Indeed, there was no money traceable to any save Queenwood filly. Sumti filly, Mark Wood, and Loyse gelding.

Recent running notes to Tel. de St. Alban's Newark Handicap, but Colonel Fenwick's three-year-old had to play second fiddle to Glendore. This daughter of Tyrant, unlike her previous display, now got away well from the barrier, and held the lead from end to end. In the Northern Plate Charlotte Bronte proved herself very capable in readily defeating no fewer than sixteen opponents. Keenun started favourite, but this youngster taps himself badly in galloping, and came back with fore-leg bleeding. Still, this aptly-named filly (Eager—Negociate) was a cheap purchase afterwards at 32 guineas. At the same price Scottish Mixture was sold to a patron of Elsey's stable. Charlotte Bronte was bought in for 200 guineas.

## Despite Ill-Luck.

The good-looking Lancel went the Rothschild colours in the Holme Pierrepont Plate, but no good as a racer she will now be retired to the stud. The favourite, Minima, easily got beaten, and though having none the best of luck at the beginning, in getting badly away, and cannoned Junior, eventually wore the opposition down and scored from Kate Queen of the Gipsies, and eleven others. Odds were laid on Bellvor Tor for the Savile Plate, but he did not succeed in giving the weight to James I., who practically made all the running.

Visitors to the Bibury Club Meeting found slight rain falling at Salisbury, but the time for racing none too promising, but by the time fixed for racing to commence an agreeable change took place, and the proceedings were decided under comfortable conditions. There was a fairly large attendance, and the fields were good.

Backers made a bad start in the July Handicap in dividing allegiance between Ventriquo and Morny. The first-named, as at Folkestone, gave a lot of trouble at the gate. Morny got off well, and ran home locked with Palace Yard, who just secured the verdict. An objection for bumping and boring was overruled. Another good finish was seen between Salvador and Bonnie Springfield for the Andover Stakes. At the same price Scottish Mixture was sold to a patron of Elsey's stable. Charlotte Bronte was bought in for 200 guineas.

Rossano was a strong tip all the morning for the Selling Handicap, and he spreadeagled his field, afterwards finding a new owner in Mr. Mar-

shall for 300 guineas. Bitters found the mile not far enough for her in the Stewards Plate, and The Warrior, who had been dreadfully unlucky at Lingfield, when beaten by Love Potion, won easily. Bitters being unplaced. Silent Friend, thanks to a smart beginning, won the Wilton Handicap.

La Valerie was the outsider of the quartette that turned out for the Dunbridge Selling Welter Handicap. There was some peculiar waging on this event, as the other three runners fluctuated in the market to a marked degree. Winkrose, who settled down favourite, never looked dangerous, and Rosegrove was hemmed in on the rails, and although Mr. Thursty got him out a bit, he got sandwiched between La Valerie and Cabman. In the Club Junior Home-bred Stakes Thrush, who frightened away all opposition except that of Amphimone, won easily.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

## SALISBURY.

2. 0.—All-Aged Maiden Plate—ENCLADUS.
- 2.30.—Bibury Stakes—CLOVERLEY.
3. 0.—Juvenile Selling Plate—GREY TOE.
- 3.30.—Pembroke Handicap—THUNDERBOLT.
4. 0.—Hurstbourne Stakes—STANDEN.
- 4.30.—Club Selling Welter Handicap—CARFAX.
5. 0.—Johnstone Stakes—ESQUIRE.

## PONTFRAC.

2. 0.—Trial Plate—BLUE DIAMOND.
- 3.10.—West Riding Handicap—CASTRO.
- 3.45.—Champagne Trial—POST KATZ.

## SPECIAL SELECTION.

## CASTRO.

## GREY FRIARS.

## THE TWO BEST THINGS.

Writing from Salisbury last night, "The Squire" said:—

"I think the following should carry off their events at the second day's sport at the Bibury Club meeting:—

- 4.30.—Club Welter—MALADROIT.
5. 0.—Johnstone Stakes—HATHOR GELDING."

## RACING RETURNS.

## NOTTINGHAM.—TUESDAY.

- 2.0.—NITHERFIELD SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs. for two-year-olds; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs, straight. Sir Edgar Vincent's CHARLOTTE BRONTE, by Buckenham, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 2.30.—Bibury Stakes—CLOVERLEY. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 3.0.—Juvenile Selling Plate—GREY TOE. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 3.30.—Pembroke Handicap—THUNDERBOLT. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 4.0.—Hurstbourne Stakes—STANDEN. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 4.30.—Club Selling Welter Handicap—CARFAX. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 5.0.—Johnstone Stakes—ESQUIRE. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)

2.35.—CLUMBER PLATE of 100 sovs. for two-year-olds. Mr. Belmont's FERNENT, by Octagon—Felicity, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Cannon.)

Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe's MARK WOOD, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Cannon.)

Mr. R. H. Hennings's F by SEMPRONIOUS—QUEENWOOD, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Cannon.)

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- 4.30.—NEWARK PLATE (a High-weight Handicap) of 100 sovs. Six furlongs, straight. Mr. J. Wood's ANDORRE, by Tyrant—Andaloupha, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Cannon.)
- 5.0.—Johnstone Stakes—ESQUIRE. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 5.30.—Pembroke Handicap—THUNDERBOLT. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 6.0.—Hurstbourne Stakes—STANDEN. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 6.30.—Club Selling Welter Handicap—CARFAX. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)
- 7.0.—Johnstone Stakes—ESQUIRE. Mr. R. J. Wood's LITTLE DOLLY, 8 to 1. (Winner trained by R. Day.)

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- Mr. W. P. Pursey's Enceladus ..... Fallon 2 6 12
- Mr. J. Buchanan's Half Dark ..... Major Edwards 2 6 8
- Mr. E. Cohen's Rose May ..... Prince 2 6 8
- Mr. L. W. Humphy's Guy Middleton ..... Russell 2 6 8
- Mr. J. P. Smith's Greyhound ..... Russell 2 6 8
- Mr. John Robinson's Ziria ..... H. Darling 2 6 8

PAPER SELECTIONS.—Jockey—Captain Cook, Chilton's Guide—Cloverley, Ruchose—Cloverley, Sporting World—Libura.

2.30.—BIBURY STAKES (Handicap) of 200 sovs; to be ridden by members of the Club. One mile, straight. Mr. H. de Paravicini's Vidame ..... Owner 5 12 12

Mr. H. Hillwood's Cloverley ..... Owner 5 12 12

Mr. W. Chatterton's Zanetto ..... Sadler jun 10 10 10

Mr. William Johnston's Bonnie Springfield ..... Owner 10 10 10

Mr. G. Edwards's Suis ..... Major Edwards 10 10 10

Captain Bewick's Tickle of Lead ..... Mr. J. P. Pursey 10 10 10

ABOVE ARRIVED.

Mr. G. Lambton's Sealaway ..... Owner 11 11 8

Mr. Schmale's Killdeer ..... Owner 11 11 8

Mr. F. B. Smith's Ambury ..... Randall 11 11 8

Mr. G. Miller's Silver Tyne ..... Mr. Miller 11 11 8

Mr. G. Miller's Silver Tyne ..... Mr. Miller 11 11 8

PAPER SELECTIONS.—Chilton's Guide—Cloverley, Racing World—Cloverley, Ruchose—Cloverley, Sporting World—Libura.

3.0.—JUVENILE SELLING PLATE of 103 sovs. for five-year-olds; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs, straight. Mr. J. Buchanan's Haptry ..... Edwards 9 0 0

Mr. E. Bewick's Chatterley ..... Chandler 9 0 0

Mr. E. Bewick's Chatterley ..... Chandler 9 0 0

Mr. J. P. Smith's Greyhound ..... Russell 9 0 0

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